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[Translated by the Editor.]

WAGNER'S "TANNHÄUSER."

BY FRANZ LISZT.

I.

Four years ago* RICHARD WAGNER, chapel-master to the king of Saxony, brought out his opera, "Tannhäuser, and the Contest of the Minstrels at Wartburg," for the first time, at Dresden. The genius of this composer, a master in more forms than one, enabled him, in writing the text

* This was first published in the *Journal des Debats* at Paris, in 1849.

to his own operas, to be the poet of his music and the musician of his poetry;—an extremely important advantage for the harmonic unity of his dramatic conceptions. When men were no longer satisfied with the feelings expressed in the pictures of the masters of the oldest schools, they required in paintings truth of drawing, color and perspective;—so now in our days we require of the opera the coöperation of all possible perfections, and the construction of the *libretto* becomes more and more a matter of importance. The text of "Tannhäuser" is written with a deep, poetic feeling, and forms by itself an impressive drama, full of the finest *nuances* of heart and passion. Its plan is original and bold; it contains beautiful verses, verses which, like lightning flashes, reveal powerful and sublime emotions. The music is entirely new and calls for a peculiar test; moreover the production of this work requires a thoroughly trained orchestra, good choruses and a great outlay of scenic material. Yet its requirements have been exaggerated, and hitherto, unjustly, no theatre has felt bound to bring this opera out. Its difficulties are easily set aside in first class theatres, as a late experiment abundantly proves.

There is a small capital, by no means populous or lively, but which piously treasures up the memories of the great intellects who made it their abode, as well as of several generations of distinguished princes. This little capital, in which you will easily recognize WEIMAR, always hospitable to the beautiful and the sublime, was the first to challenge the enthusiasm of Germany for this fine work. Here it was first performed on the birthday of her royal highness, the Grand Duchess, which every year is celebrated with the most sincere joy, in gratitude for her manifold beneficence, and her appreciating patronage of literature and Art. * * * *

The plot of "Tannhäuser" refers to the Wartburg at Eisenach, belonging to the domain of the Grand Duke and recently restored, in the most perfect taste, by his hereditary successor. Famous was this castle in the middle ages. Here the land-graves of Thuringia extended a brilliant protection to the minstrels of their time, and the miraculous virtues of Saint Elizabeth, who reigned here, have been recently refreshed in the memory of the faithful by the poetico-religious learning of Count Montalembert. * * * *

The story of the opera is borrowed from one of the old traditions of the region. Collating and

combining single facts from various chronicles, the composer has shaped out of them an episode, full of poetic, fantastic and dramatic elements. In the thirteenth century, while traces of not wholly vanished heathenism still shone through the superstition, that attached partly to the Christian cultus, and partly to the names of the Greek mythology, (confused ideas of which spread from the learned down among the people,) it happened, that a goddess Holda, who once had been the type of beauty and presided over Spring and flowers and the delights of nature, had gradually in the popular imagination become blended with the Grecian Venus, and at last represented the allurements of appetite and the charms of sensual gratification. This mythical person, whom they called "Dame Venus," had her dwelling in the inside of the mountain. One of her principal abodes was in the Höselsberg, a mountain near the Wartburg. There in a fairy palace she held open court, surrounded by her naiads, nymphs and syrens, whose song was heard in the distance by those unhappy victims of impure desires, who, misled by these fateful voices, wandered by unknown ways into this grotto, under whose inveigling charms Hell lurked, enticing to eternal ruin those who yielded to its damnable temptations.

Tannhäuser, a knight and minstrel, had borne off a splendid victory in one of those contests for the palm of minstrelsy, and had won the secret love of the princess Elizabeth of Thuringia, although to him her admiration seemed but cold and condescending patronage. A short time after he had mysteriously disappeared, no one knew why or whither. When the landgrave was returning one day from the chase, surrounded by the singers who had been Tannhäuser's rivals, and who formed the clear-shining Pleiades of that epoch, they found him, not far from the castle, kneeling in the highway, and uniting his fervent prayer with the chant of pilgrims in procession through the valley towards Rome. Speedily recognized and questioned, he answers always shyly and mysteriously: "I come from afar," he says, "where I found neither peace nor rest." Sorrowful and downcast, he is about to continue his lonely way and will not follow his friends. Wolfram von Eschenbach, one of the most famous minstrels of that time, seeks eagerly to detain him and sings to him of Elizabeth:

Alas! when thou so proudly left us,
Her heart was closed to all our strains;

O turn thee back, thou valiant singer,
Keep not thy song from ours afar,—
Back to our tuneful banquets bring her,
Still o'er us shine her virgin star!

Tannhäuser repeats that name with the accent of unexpected joy, and finally, overcome in his strange resistance, he exclaims: "To her! to her! O lead me back to her!"

At Tannhäuser's unlooked for return the princess revives. In his tender love for his daughter, the landgrave conceives the idea of a new minstrels' contest, of which he proclaims her queen. Persuaded that Tannhäuser will again bear off the victory, he promises to refuse no prize to the victor of that day, and he chooses Love as the theme of their songs. Wolfram begins, himself an enthusiast for Elizabeth, but with that spiritual love that rejoices in self-sacrifice and seeks only the happiness of the beloved object, even at the expense of its own:—Wolfram, who leads the easily forgetting loved one back to her, from whom he can himself expect no other confession than the verse in Schiller's ballad:

Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe
Widmet euch dies Herz,
Forlert keine andre Liebe, &c.

But like the Ritter Toggenburg, while he knows himself not loved, he still loves on; and this self-renunciation, which bows the soul down in its excess of hidden energy, betrays itself in his song, full of mute adoration for the feeling, which finds its only satisfaction in its own self-mortifying persistency.

Tannhäuser rises and sings how he too, better than any one, knows that fountain of bliss and inspiration, of which Wolfram sang:

O evermore with feverish yearning
The sparkling spring I see, and fain
Must cool this thirst within me burning,
Nor will the eager lips refrain.

Walther von der Vogelweide sings:

I tell thee this, O Henry, hear it;
The fountain, it is Virtue, sure,
And thou must fervently revere it,
And bow thee at a shrine so pure.
But if thy lips thereto thou touchest,
Thy wanton passion heat to quell;
Or but too near the brink approachest,
Thou dost dissolve the wondrous spell.

Tannhäuser resumes the strain more vehemently, of which the burthen is: All creatures are created for enjoyment, and only in enjoyment can true love be known. The unworthy strain excites the virtuous ire of Biterolf, who with a warlike impetuosity and in a contemptuous, perhaps jealous tone, challenges him to another contest:

For woman's honor, stainless treasure,
As knight I ever wield a sword,
But naught see I in aimless pleasure,
That's worth a blow, or worth a word.

A storm of applause interrupts Biterolf, as well as all the adversaries of Tannhäuser, who replies with bitterness:

Ha! foolish prattler, Biderolf!
Sing'st thou of love, thou angry wolf?
What joys well worth enjoying seem
To me, thou truly dost not dream.
What bliss hath wretch like thee e'er tasted?
Thy life is poor in love, I trow.
What golden joys on thee are wasted,
In sooth were hardly worth a blow!

Tumult ensues; the rattling of swords follows the accords of harps. Wolfram tries to restore the peace, to banish all disturbance from the hall, and from that hallowed presence; he apostrophizes

Love in a strain of the highest inspiration, striving to sing its praises worthily and purely; he prays that his song may win the prize of heavenly sanctification and that all sin may be banished out of that pure and noble circle. Tannhäuser, beside himself through the taunts and rage and malice of which he is the mark, scarcely hears him and attunes a song to the praise of the heathen goddess:

To thee, Love's Queen, be all my songs resounding!
Now shall thy praise be sung aloud by me!
Thy charm's the spring of beauty all abounding,
And all sweet miracles do spring from thee.
In eager arms whose'er hath clasped thee glowing,
What Love is, he, he only may recount:—
Tame, shivering souls, such ecstasy ne'er knowing,
Away! and seek the mystic Venus mount!

A cry of horror escapes every breast. The noble ladies fly, affrighted by the name that so offends their chastity. The men all draw their swords at once and rush upon the desperate sinner, whose long absence is now at last explained. But Elizabeth, who at first had felt crushed down by this fearful revelation, throws herself instantly between their swords, and covers him with her virgin body, as with a shining shield:

Back! I care not for death!
What is the wound your swords can make, compared
With the death-thrust I have received from him?

While all are astounded that she has the courage to defend the knight, who has betrayed her, she exclaims:

"Why think of me? But he,—his weal!
His hope of heaven will ye rob from him?"

She claims for him the right of repentance, the benefit of Christ's blood, the appeal to divine mercy, which can forgive more than man can sin:

"See me, the virgin; he hath blasted
All my young bloom by one fell stroke,—
In secret love my whole soul fasted
For him whose glee my heart-strings broke:—
I pray for him, his life, his hope of heaven;
His mournful steps to sure repentance guide!
The power of faith to him be newly given,
Whereas for him the dear Redeemer died!"

And the heroic virgin gains the life of her beloved. What divine or human sternness could have resisted virtue so persuasive and so eloquent in love? Touched and confounded, all draw back, and Tannhäuser, crushed to earth by such a love, whose pure glow bids hope spring again upon the very brink of sheer despair, rushes forth, to join the procession of pilgrims on their way to Rome, there to seek pardon for his fearful sins.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Pilgrimage to Salisbury Cathedral.

BY A BOSTON ARCHITECT.
(Concluded from p. 43.)

"Still points the tower, and pleads the bell,
The solemn arches breathe in stone,
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown:—
They filled these aisles with many a thought,
They bade each nook some truth recall,
The pillar'd arch its legend brought,
A doctrine came with roof and wall."

The vergers of the Cathedral, a respectful and intelligent, though somewhat corpulent official,—who informed me that he had once been the Bishop's head butler,—and who, I suppose, had been promoted to his present snug position in reward for his faithful services in that responsible

capacity,—received me with a grave bow at the door of the north-western porch, and conducted me without delay over the whole interior of the building. It is not my present purpose, nor would it be interesting to the general reader, to enter into any minute or technical description of this portion of the edifice. Suffice it to say that the very injudicious restorations perpetrated by the barbarous Wyatt, at the latter end of the last century, have much disfigured its general appearance, and what the lapse of years had failed to effect, has thus been in part accomplished by his ignorant and tasteless alterations. The spectator, however, cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the noble breadth and simplicity of the original pile. The vaulting is plainly and boldly executed, rising to the height of about eighty feet from the pavement, and the arches are adorned with an effective series of deep mouldings, beneath which the slender columns look still more airy and elegant, from their divisions into many separate shafts of dark Purbeck marble. The altar was removed by Wyatt from its proper situation to the farther end of the Lady Chapel, throwing down at the same time the screen which divided the latter from the choir,—and many of the tombs and other ornaments seem to have been re-arranged by him in the most arbitrary manner, and without the least regard to ancient principles of propriety or the commonest dictates of sense and taste. These lamentable arrangements are continued to the present day,—and, together with the bare, cold windows, stripped of all their richly painted glass by the hand of puritan fanaticism, and shorn of all their former glory, remain as mute though eloquent witnesses to the height of ancient excellence, and the depth of modern degeneracy.

It is, however, a matter of much congratulation to every liberal lover of art, that a better and more reverent spirit is now abroad. The restorations now going on at Ely,* and which I subsequently visited with a feeling of the highest pleasure, show how fully the style of the best ages is now understood,—leaving us little to regret in the way of mediæval execution, or even of the long neglected principles of pointed design.

The fading twilight of the interior and the deepening shadows of the old tombs, at length reminded my guide that it was time for us to retire. As we recrossed the footworn threshold, the heavy oak door closed behind us with a solemn reverberation, and the profound stillness of six centuries seemed to resume its rightful sway over the vast structure. The vergers went away, leaving me alone on the green. But with not a movement in the air, nor a living thing near, the spot had a charm for me which I was not willing to break. I felt that I was left alone there, with the spirit of hoar antiquity,—and face to face with the very ages of chivalry, and "the mighty faith of days unknown." I sat on a chain-rail in the close till it was quite dark, watching the shadows darken in the recesses, and the last tints of light fade away on the spire, till the whole of the majestic pile assumed a sombre and gloomy indistinctness of outline, far more impressive to the mind than the sharpness and certainty of daylight. Its huge dimensions acquired a still more imposing grandeur, while its mystic quietude seemed to enshrine a haven of

* Under the direction of the accomplished Mr. Scott, of Spring Gardens, London, to whom also has been confided the rebuilding of the fine church of St. George, at Doncaster.

sweet security from the turmoil, the anxiety and the busy fears of the outward world. And I thought, as I at length turned to leave the spot, that the mind which could not see the deepest poetry in every line of its lengthening vista, would listen with cold indifference to the inspired harmonies of Beethoven, or turn with apathy from the golden pages of *Paradise Lost*. For myself, I can truly say that I came away impressed

"Not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thought
That in this moment there was life and food
For future years."

The next morning found me early at the gate, and eager to ascend to the upper portions of the building. A bright-eyed lively boy of thirteen presented himself as my guide,—piloting me up a winding stone staircase scooped out of one of the corner turrets, to the battlements at the top of the Tower, two hundred and twelve feet from the ground. Standing here, behind and above me rose the great spire, profusely crocketed, and sculptured with ornamented bands of stone, to the fearful height of two hundred feet more. Access to the very top is practicable,—but is not generally permitted to visitors, and as the view was already so extensive and so beautiful, I felt no inclination to attempt any infringement of the usual rule. Beneath lay the Cathedral Close,—its lofty elms looking from this height like bushes of foliage close to the ground,—the Cloisters, where walked and prayed the studious monks of old, and which had fallen into a partial decay, now beautifully repaired, and restored from the ravages of time and neglect by the munificence of the present Bishop,—the episcopal palace with its trim gardens, neat walks and fantastic clipped hedges,—and beyond these the curious old city, looking like the toy-box towns which children delight to arrange,—all spreading out like a gay map at the spectator's feet. Three miles away lay the noble domain of Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke,—standing in a richly wooded park, in whose broad walks, and under whose quiet shade walked and mused "the flower of chivalry," Sir Philip Sydney, and here wrote his *Arcadia*, amid its secluded and congenial scenes. Still nearer, one might recognize the little hamlet of Bemerton, where lived and ministered George Herbert, the author of *The Temple*,—"one of those spirits scattered along the track of ages," says Bishop Doane, "to show us how nearly the human may, by grace, attain to the angelic nature." The sunny slopes and waving wheat fields of the Wiltshire Hills hemmed in, at a distance, the exquisite panorama, through which flowed the silver Avon, on its way to the sea. The pretty river gleamed and sparkled in the sunshine, and marked its passage through the landscape with a line of fertility, but there is nothing particularly remarkable about it in this part of its course, except its name. Though an entirely different stream, it still bears, singularly enough, the same title with that of the placid river, so consecrated through all the world by its association with the birth-place, the home and the grave of the immortal Shakespeare.

The site of the ruined and abandoned city of Old Sarum lies a little distance away, to the north,—its precise locality marked only by a clump of flourishing trees. The moats of the ancient fortifications are said to be still quite perfect, but at this distance they are not discernible to the eye. The history of this once populous

and important place, the dead mother of the flourishing city which now overlooks its decay, presents a singular and interesting exception to the usual course of municipal chronicles. An important military post of the Romans, it was still further fortified and enlarged by the great king Alfred, and in the earlier part of the thirteenth century possessed a numerous, and for those days active population, with a Cathedral of considerable size and splendor. The local guide books assert that the extent of this now entirely demolished structure is still distinctly marked out, by the outline drawn by the sun in a dry summer day upon the rich cornfields which now occupy the site. The city indeed was of such importance as to retain in later days, and as a recognition of its ancient power, two members of Parliament, even down to the Reform Act of 1830. But quarrels continually arose between the military and the ecclesiastical magnates of the place,—there could not be two Cæsars in Rome,—and matters at last came to such a pass that the high-spirited Bishop resolved to remove the Cathedral. With the shrine went too, the worshippers,—the majority of the citizens followed the lead of the bold churchman and left the governor to lord it alone over their deserted homes. One generation thus witnessed the removal of the entire city, and the vast mound where Briton and Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman successively held their iron sway, now resounds only to the rustling leaves of trees that seem almost primeval in their growth,—to the bleating of sheep, or to the footfall of the tourist, as he explores the curious traces of its former glory.

It must not be supposed that my mercurial little guide left me entirely to the uninterrupted contemplation of the scene. As we were groping up the dark and narrow staircase together, he had confided to me that he combined this congenial branch of employment with the more arduous duty of tolling the great bell twice a day for service. In this double capacity, however, he appeared not unwilling to acknowledge that he acted only as subservient to the ex-butler, whose shortness of wind would, I fancy, prove an insuperable bar to his own frequent indulgence in these, or any similar exercises. But I cannot say that the substitution was in all respects an agreeable one to myself, since the staid gravity of the elder functionary certainly formed no part in the character or behavior of his youthful deputy. Among other eccentricities,—which in fairness I suppose must be set down only as the normal condition of his age and sex,—he had contracted an exciting though not particularly safe habit of lying horizontally across the parapet of the tower with his body projecting considerably beyond the line of the stone work, and his feet braced merely against one of the foliated crockets of the spire,—and, while in this position, tilting with his cap at arm's length in an animated and somewhat dexterous manner at the swallows that were wheeling and darting in airy circles around the dizzy pinnacles above our heads. To my frequently expressed doubts as to the entire safety of these peculiar sports, I am sorry to say that he paid little attention, beyond the assurance, "Poh! sir, I aint a bit afraid,—I does it often,—I holds out my cap and they flies into it like bats. 'I've caught a' many this way, sir." Wearied at last with the amateur labor of humanity which I had felt it my duty to carry on, in holding him as fast as I could

by the seat of his trowsers,—particularly as these garments were not in any such high state of repair as gave assurance of furnishing the firmest description of hold upon his person in case of accident,—I unequivocally offered him the bribe of a sixpence to desist. To my great relief, I found that the proposal was instantly accepted, and I think it no more than justice to record that, while on my side of the steeple at least, Tommy acted up to the very letter of his bargain, though in the face of constant and accumulated temptation.

In the afternoon, I attended for the first time at the Cathedral service. The music, led by the powerful organ, was sung, as usual by a choir of ten surpliced boys and eight men,—one half ranged on either side of the choir. The solemnity, propriety and beauty of the music, and the decorum of its performance, were, to me at least, highly impressive. I had heard much, it is true, of the heartlessness and formality of this service, and indeed I believe that to speak of it slightly is generally the fashion among our practical and utilitarian countrymen, abroad. But I must say that my own impressions of it were of a widely different character. As the pealing organ swelled forth with a majestic volume that seemed full of the very spirit of devotion, the soft, high notes of the boys' voices, shaped into decision by the rapid chant of the tenor, and supported everywhere by the rich and vigorous harmony of the bass, ran through the antiphonal responses with such a plaintive earnestness and beauty of tone, that it seemed to me impossible to lift a higher and holier song to the ear of Heaven. Nor could I find any force in the objection, which I have often heard made to the smallness of the congregation,—but rather, on the other hand, I thought that the solemnity of this high service was perhaps all the more striking, from the comparative absence and indifference of the outward world.

The anthem was over, and the congregation rose quietly to depart,—while the last notes of the Amen faded away in the distant recesses of the building,

"Lingering and wandering on, as loth to die,
Like thoughts, whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

I had paused for a parting glance at the lofty arches of the choir, and the rich carving of the ancient woodwork, when a curtained door opened, and two young girls came forth from a dark pew behind the prebendal stalls. One of them, it must be confessed, was not particularly noticeable either in feature or expression,—but seldom have I seen such an exquisite embodiment of youthful loveliness as was presented in the person of her taller companion. Erect, slender and graceful as a fawn, eighteen summers at most had tinged her cheek with their rosy blushes, and rounded her figure into the lithe symmetry of English country beauty. The delicate outline of her face was admirably set off by one of those picturesque and jaunty straw hats with which Sir Joshua so much delighted to invest the charming nymphs and high bred shepherdesses that, eighty years ago, inspired his glowing pencil. A profusion of rich, chestnut ringlets fell in a golden shower about her neck, and strayed in wanton luxuriance over her fair shoulders. She walked down the nave to the great, western door,—a coquettish scarf of black lace falling airily about her figure, and a jet cross at every step glancing and sparkling on her bosom.

As she stood for a moment in the doorway, with the sunlight falling full upon her, and bringing out her figure as a brilliant point against the sombre shadows, and time-stained columns of the antique portal, she seemed to me a not unfitting type of the living, breathing beauty of the present, contrasted with the dim incertitude and stony silence of the buried past. With a parting smile at her companion, and certainly not without some lingering remains of it in her face as she turned her head in a leisurely glance over her shoulder,—a kind of delicate acknowledgment, perhaps, of the evident admiration with which she had been regarded,—she tripped lightly down the gravel walk to an ivy covered gateway in the garden wall of one of the neighboring houses, and passing under its arch, disappeared from view. Beautiful vision!—little did you know, that among the listeners to that evening service there knelt one wanderer from a distant land, who had that day experienced so much of unwonted delight:—enough, at least, to leave him forever enamored of the charming scenes amid which your childhood had been reared,—of the velvet lawns which your pretty feet have trod,—of the grand old church in which your prayers have so often ascended,—and of yourself,—sweet pride of Salisbury!—an image whose impression, it may be, is not the least cherished and ineffaceable of all.

A. G.

Miss Bremer and Jenny Lind.

I ascertained that Jenny Lind was still at Havana, and would not yet leave for a couple of days. I wrote, therefore, a few lines to her, and despatched them by our young countryman, Horlin, who was glad to be the bearer of my letter. It was in the evening, and after that I took my light and went up stairs to my chamber to go to rest. But scarcely had I reached the top of the stairs when I heard a voice below mention my name. I looked round astonished, and there at the foot of the stairs, stood a lady holding by the balustrade and looking up to me with a kind and beaming countenance. It was Jenny Lind—Jenny Lind, and with that beaming fresh, joyous expression of countenance which, when once seen, can never be forgotten! There is the whole Swedish Spring in it. I was glad. All was forgotten in a moment, which had formerly come between her and me. I could not but instantly go down, bend over the balustrade, and kiss her. That agreeable young man, Max Hjortsberg, was with her. I shook hands with him, but I took Jenny Lind with me into my chamber. We had never met since that time at Stockholm, when I predicted for her an European reputation. She had now attained it in a higher degree than any other artist, because the praise and the laurels which she won everywhere, had not reference alone to her gifts as a singer.

I spent with her the greater part of the two days while she yet remained in Havana, partly with her in her own apartments, and partly in driving with her on the beautiful promenades around the city, and partly in my own room, where I sketched her portrait; and I could not help once more loving her intensely. Beneath the palm-trees of Cuba, we talked only of Sweden and our mutual friends there, and shed bitter tears together over the painful loss of others. We talked much about old friends and old connections in Sweden—nay, truly speaking, we talked of nothing else, because everything else—honor, reputation, wealth, all which she had obtained out of Sweden—did not seem to have struck the least root in her soul. I should have liked to have heard something about them, but she had neither inclination nor pleasure in speaking of them. Sweden alone, and those old friends, as well as religious subjects, lay uppermost in her soul, and of these merely, had she any wish to converse.

In certain respects I could not entirely agree with her; but she was always an unusual and superior character, and so fresh, so Swedish! Jenny Lind is kindred with Trollhattan and Niagara, and with every vigorous and decided power of nature, and the effects which she produces resemble theirs.

The Americans are enchanted with her beneficence. I cannot admire her for this; I can only congratulate her in being able to follow the impulse of her heart. But that Jenny Lind, with all the power she feels herself possessed of, with all the sway she exercises, amid all the praise and homage which is poured upon her, and the multitudes of people whom she sees at her feet, still looks up to something higher than all this, higher than herself and in comparison with which she esteems herself to be mean—that glance, that thirst after the holy and the highest which, during many changes, always again returns and shows itself to be dominant feature in Jenny Lind—this is, in my eyes, her most unusual and her noblest characteristic.

She was very amiable and affectionate to me; yes so much so that it affected me. Little did I expect, that beneath the palms of the tropics, we should come so near to each other!

I met at dinner at her house the whole of the travelling party—Belletti, Mademoiselle Aehstrom, Mr. Barnum and his daughter, and many others. The best understanding seems to prevail between her and them. She praised them all, and praised highly the behavior of Mr. Barnum to her. She was not now giving any concerts at Cuba, and was enjoying the repose, and the beautiful tropical scenery and air. She sang for me, unasked, (for I would not ask her to sing,) one of Lindblad's songs, and her voice seemed to me as fresh and youthful as ever.

One day she drove me to the bishop's Garden, which was "beautiful, beautiful!" she said; beautiful park-like grounds, near Havana, where she was anxious to show me the bread fruit tree, and many other tropical plants, which proves her fresh taste for nature. In the evening we drove along the magnificent promenade, *el Paseo di Isabella segunda*, which extends for certainly upward of three English miles, between broad avenues of palm and other tropical trees, beds of flowers, marble statues and fountains, and which is the finest promenade any one can imagine, to say nothing of its being under the clear heaven of Cuba. The moon was in her first quarter, and floated like a little boat above the western horizon. Jenny Lind made me observe its different position here to what it has with us, where the new moon is always upright or merely in a slanting direction to the earth. The entire circle of the moon appeared unusually clear.

The soft young moonlight above the verdant, billowy fields, with their groups of palm-trees, was indescribably beautiful.

I fancied that Jenny Lind was tired of her wandering life and her rôle of singer. She evidently wished for a life of quieter and profounder character. We talked of—marriage and domestic life.

Of a certainty, a change of this kind is approaching for Jenny Lind. But will it satisfy her soul, and be enough for her? I doubt.

She left that evening for New Orleans, out of spirits, and not happy in her own mind. The vessel by which she sailed was crowded with Californian adventurers, four hundred it was said, who were returning to New Orleans; and Jenny Lind had just heard a rumor that Captain West, who had brought her over from England to America, had perished in a disastrous voyage at sea. All this depressed her mind, and neither my encouragement—I went on board the vessel to take leave of her, to give her my good wishes and a bouquet of roses—nor the captain's offer of his cabin and saloon, where, above deck, she might have remained undisturbed by the Californians below, were able to cheer her.—She was pale, and said little. She scarcely looked at my poor roses, although they were the most beautiful I could get in Havana; when, however, I again was seated in my little gondola, and was already at some distance from the vessel, I saw Jenny Lind lean over the railing toward me.

And all the beautiful, regular countenances of the West paled below the beaming, living beauty of expression in the countenance which I then saw, bathed in tears, kissing the roses, kissing her hands to me, glancing, beaming, a whole summer of affluent, changing, enchanting, warm inward life.—She felt that she had been cold to me, and she would now make amends for it.

And if I should never again see Jenny Lind, I shall always henceforth see her thus as at this moment, always love her thus.—*Frederika Bremer's "Homes of the New World."*

How to Write an Overture.

Several years ago, a young composer had written an opera; nothing was wanting to complete it but the overture, which much embarrassed the youthful aspirant. His uncle, who was an excellent, but rather foolish old man, seeing the predicament in which he was placed, (for the rehearsals of the opera had already begun,) imagined a most extraordinary project. He secretly wrote to the illustrious Rossini the following letter:—

"MY DEAR SIR.—You have the reputation of being clever, obliging, and also of being an epicure. To the epicure then I send a *paté de foie gras*. I appeal to his goodness; and trust the clever composer will reply to my question, and come to the aid of one of his future rivals. My nephew does not know how to set about writing the overture to an opera he has composed. Would you be good enough, you who have written so many, to let me know your receipt for the same. When you had still some pretensions to renown, my demand might have appeared to you rather indiscreet, but since you have renounced all idea of glory, you cannot be now jealous of any one. Believe me, dear Sir, yours, &c."

Rossini hastened to write this highly amusing answer:—

"I am much flattered, Sir, at the preference that you have been kind enough to give my writings above those of my brother composers.

"First, I must tell you that I have never written anything except by the direst necessity. I could never understand what pleasure there could be in cudgelling one's brains, tiring one's fingers, and getting into a fever, to amuse a public, whose only pleasure in return is to get tired of those who have amused them. I am not at all a true partizan of industry; and think the finest and the most precious of the rights of man is to do nothing. That is, at least, what I have been doing since I have acquired, not by my works, however, but by some lucky speculations, the rights of idleness. If, then, I have a counsel to give your nephew, it is to imitate me in that. If, however, he should persist in his fantastic and incomprehensible idea of working, the following are the principal receipts which I have made use of during the miserable epoch of my existence when I was obliged to do something. Let him choose whichever appears to him the most convenient.

"1st Rule, general and invariable. Always wait for the night before the first performance of an opera to write the overture. There is nothing so inspiring as necessity, and the delightful propinquity of a copyist, who awaits your composition shred by shred; also the sinister appearance of a despairing manager, who is tearing his hair out by the roots. The real *chefs-d'œuvre* of overtures have never been composed otherwise. In Italy, in my time, all the managers were bald at thirty.

"2nd Receipt. I composed the overture to "Otello" in a small room at Barbaja's palace, where this most bald and ferocious of managers had locked me up, in company with some macaroni simply boiled in water, and a threat that I should never leave the room alive until I had composed the last note of the said overture.

"You could make use of this receipt very successfully with respect to your nephew; but mind, no *patés de foie gras*, they are only good for idlers like myself, and I thank you for the one you have honored me by sending.

"3d Receipt. I composed the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," not the night before, but on the same day of the performance of the opera, on the roof of the theatre of "La Scala," at Milan; where the manager—a counterpart of the ferocious Barbaja—had placed me under the guard of four machinists. The mission of these executioners, was to throw my work, page by page, to the copyists who were waiting below, who having copied it, sent it phrase by phrase to the conductor, who rehearsed it as it came. If I did not write, these barbarians had orders to throw me, instead of my music, to the copyists.

"If you should possess a loft in your house, Sir, you might make use of it in a similar way with your nephew.

"4th Receipt. I did much better for my overture to the "Barber of Seville." I didn't compose any at all; that is to say, that instead of the one I had written for this very comic opera, one was taken which I had written for "Elizabeth," a very serious one. The public was enchanted with the substitution.

"Your nephew, who has yet done nothing, might try this means, and borrow from himself another overture.

"5th Receipt. I composed the overture to "Count Ory," one day, fishing at Petit-bourg, with my feet in the water, and in company with M. Aguada, who never ceased all the time talking to me of Spanish finances, which teased me to death.

"I doubt not, Sir, that in a parallel case, your conversation might be of a nature to produce the same invigorating effect on your nephew's nerves.

"6th Receipt. I composed the overture to "Guillaume Tell" in the middle of an apartment which I occupied on the Boulevard Montmartre, which was the resort, night and day, of all that Paris contained of the most absurd and noisy people, who came daily to smoke, drink, yell, stamp about, and humbug me, while I worked with fury, so as to hear them as little as possible.

"Perhaps, notwithstanding the progress of wit in France, you might find fools enough to procure this stimulant for your nephew. You might yourself powerfully aid in this result, and merit the largest share of your nephew's gratitude.

"7th Receipt. I never composed the shadow of an overture for "Mosè in Egitto," which is by far the easiest plan. I doubt not that your good nephew may use with success the last-named receipt. It is the same that my excellent friend Meyerbeer has employed for "Robert le Diable" and the "Huguenots," and he appears to have perfectly succeeded. I am told that he has used it also for the "Prophète."

"Accept, Sir, my best wishes for your nephew's renown, and many thanks for your excellent pie, and believe me,

"Yours very obediently,
"ROSSINI, Ex-composer.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 19, 1853.

Chamber Concerts.

With the concert of the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB, next Tuesday evening, the season of Classical Chamber Concerts will be fairly opened. Mr. DRESEL's choice little piano-forte Soirées will soon follow; and also for some time have stood announced a series of Matinées of string Quartet and Piano music, by Messrs. ECKHARDT, KEYZER, PERABEAU and confrères. Nothing so proves the growing, deepening taste for music, as the demand that has sprung up in our community for this most pure and genuine kind of music. It is of more consequence to the cause of pure taste, aye, and of pure musical enjoyment, that such concerts should be well supported, season after season, the whole season

through, than that a thousand Paganinis and De Meyers should come to dazzle and amuse us.

We are happy to know that the QUINETTE CLUB open this their fifth season with a fuller subscription list than they have ever had before. Their programme is as admirably choice and inviting, as it is entirely new to this public. They justify their name by offering us for the first time a Quartet in E flat, of MENDELSSOHN, which we verily believe to be the most interesting of all his quartets. BEETHOVEN's violin Concerto is a great work. It will be played by Messrs. AUGUST FRIES and F. F. MÜLLER. (By the way, seeing the name of Mr. Müller in the bill, and remembering that there is a nice organ in that hall, we might make a suggestion.) MOZART, SCHUMANN, and a modern German amateur composer, VEIT, furnish the remainder of the feast.

"TANNHÄUSER."—We commence to-day a translation of LISZT's description and analysis of one of Richard Wagner's two most famous operas. It is from a little German volume of a hundred and fifty pages, translated from the French, in which Liszt usually writes. Half of it is devoted to the "Lohengrin," with an enthusiastic account of the Herder and Goethe festival at Weimar, on which occasion Liszt, as chapel-master to the Grand Duke, brought that opera out, in the presence of distinguished musical men from all parts of Germany. The second half is a reprint of an earlier article about the "Tannhäuser." The interest felt here in the overture, as played by the Germanians, naturally awakens a desire to know more of the plan and character of the opera itself; and no one can inform us so intelligently, and with such graphic force and fervor of style, as Wagner's best friend and expositor, LISZT.

The article includes, first an account of the plot and the old legend on which it is founded, with numerous citations from Wagner's poem, which we have only in part translated, and that hastily, with only enough truth to the original to keep the thread of the story unbroken: next a minute and glowing analysis of the overture,—much fuller than Wagner's own "programme" to it, which we have already published; next a vivid review of the music of the drama, scene by scene; and finally a critical appreciation of its significance and destined influence as the opening of a new era in musical dramatic Art. Certainly never had opera a more romantic, tunefully suggestive theme and plan, or a more beautiful poem.

Gottschalk.

Is it not surprising that a pianist like Gottschalk should arrive, harbingered by what seemed extravagant eulogium; should prove fully worthy of all that could be said or written, and yet meet with so little enthusiasm in Boston? We had hoped more from the public taste, which has not lacked opportunity of cultivation; much good music has been played the last few years and apparently enjoyed by crowds. But this want of appreciation in the public has surprised us far less than the criticisms in the newspapers, particularly the one in the Journal of Music. The editor of a paper devoted avowedly to music, would, we should think, feel inclined to welcome so wonderful a proficient in his favorite art, by well deserved praise, and not let his appreciation of his powers as a performer, be entirely subservient to his hypercriticism of his compositions.

All pianists of any celebrity, compose; not satisfied with rendering the thoughts of others, they seek to give a form to the inspiration stirring within them. It is the same feeling which leads a musical critic to write upon music instead of satisfying himself by

reading what has been written; there is something agreeable in giving expression to our own individual thoughts, either in words or harmony.

We by no means intend placing Gottschalk in a high rank among composers, and think it would have been more judicious in him to have played more from the standard masters, at his first concert.

From his exquisite touch, the mere running of the scales becomes delightful, and his extremely modest manner, (for which we were not prepared) ought to disarm ill-natured criticism.

It seems to us incumbent for an editor who claims to be the "explorer, observer and reporter of the eventful world of music," and who has conducted his journal with few exceptions, with great intelligence, independence and refinement, to be careful that his criticisms should be in good taste, and not use expressions which may be even more dangerously infectious to the young readers of his paper, than even the much objected to "Susanna!" "Melodic itch" ought not to be heard by "ears polite." To use such terms is a much greater mistake than giving utterance to any Poetic Caprices or graceful, though (we confess) unmeaning "Dances Ossianiques."

The admirable concert on Friday was not listened to by a large audience; the sad announcement at the commencement inclined every one to the utmost leniency; a cold, listless performance would not have surprised us. But admiration and not mercy was called for. The fine duet by Onslow was charmingly played. Mr. Pychowsky, who is a pianist of great merit, appeared to much advantage, and it was evident that Gottschalk had no wish to place him in a subordinate situation, a rare instance of self-renunciation in a public performer.

All his brilliant passages told, and the treble often seemed almost an accompaniment to the bass.

Mr. Aptommas' music was wonderful and delightful. In Mlle Behrend's voice quality and quantity are not properly balanced. The gem of the evening was the scena from Lucia.

It was a union of all that makes music delightful.—pathos and power, sun and storm: infinite variety of expression and almost orchestral effects. If the comparison be not too fanciful, the finale seemed to express the action of a war horse madly rushing to the battle, amidst the booming of artillery and the sobs of the dying. We sat near amateurs of acknowledged taste and wide experience in music, and we all agreed that as well in the old world as the new Gottschalk had claims to be considered at the head of his art, joint sovereign with Thalberg.

May we not fear that the American King of Music may feel no desire to occupy his throne in Boston and that his disloyal and unsympathising subjects may induce him to desert us for the more genial South?

A STRANGER TO GOTTSCHALK BUT A LOVER OF MUSIC AND JUSTICE.

The above appeared in the Traveller last week. We do not see but it admits all the gist of our criticism. In not placing Gottschalk "in a high rank among composers;" in regretting that his programme was chiefly made up of his own compositions; in applying the epithets "graceful though unmeaning" to his "Dances Ossianiques," the writer only sums up in brief the exceptions which we made more in full.

Wherein, then, has he found us so unjust, or, to use his own phrase, so "disloyal to the American King of Music"? Was it that we did not appreciate "his powers as a performer," his "exquisite touch," his "running scales," his "brilliant passages," in sentences as unqualified and hearty as his own? Certainly he has only to re-read our article to find that we gave the fullest credit for all that. None of the newspaper eulogists exceeded us on that theme, except it were in number and high-soundingness of words. So we are clear on that count; so far our "loyalty" stands unimpeachable.

What then? Why, we made our praise of the performer "subservient" to our "hypercriticism of the composer. By "subservient" is probably meant secondary. And yet there is a sense in which we are disposed to plead guilty to "subservient," and to own that we did make the acknowledged fact of Gottschalk's wonderful skill as a performer subserve the end of illustrating, for

the thousandth time, in his case, the false direction into which this modern *virtuosity*, (or claim to admiration on the ground of brilliant mechanical execution), is misleading so many would-be composers. If we showed any lack of "welcome," it was not to Gottschalk individually, but to this virtuoso, or display school, in general, under which category the loud trumpetings beforehand, as well as that first concert, plainly seemed to place him. The question for us was, not whether Gottschalk was a great player, (which was granted),—but whether duty to the Art, duty to our readers, who would learn to love it, duty to our own sense of what appears true taste, in a word, whether "loyalty" to Music, would permit us to celebrate any amount of such wonderful virtuosity as a thing fit to go into ecstasies about, and rear "a throne" for, when artists of soul and sentiment and fine intellectual tone, who have not quite so great execution, but who earnestly dedicate such fine powers as they have to the interpretation of the true, the high, the genuine, in music, as found in the works of inspired masters, are to be thrown quite into the shade by this ephemeral brilliancy? *Real*, deep, soul-inspired music, the music which gives satisfaction in the long run, is a plant of that modest, delicate, refined nature, that it requires to be sheltered against the rough-shod, dashing, glittering gallop of the virtuoso knights, who have so overrun the world in these latter days. All the outward advantages are on the side of the virtuosos; they win the public all too easily, because *effect* can cover the ground faster than seeds of *Art* can take root. The weight of criticism therefore ought to be put into the *least loaded* end of the scales, that is to say, made to favor the side of *real*, serious Art rather than that of dazzling, *ad captandum* virtuosity. So we reasoned, so we acted:—was the spirit of the action unjust or ungenerous? was it not taking the part of the outwardly weakest against the outwardly strongest?

We made most account of Mr. Gottschalk's claims as a composer, because he gave us only his own compositions. For his improvement upon this proceeding in his second concert we have not withheld credit. We have found no fault with him for writing out "the inspirations stirring within him." Some of his little compositions we found pleasing, graceful and expressive. But we were challenged to measure him by very high standards. No concert-giver ever came more loudly heralded; he was declared a *great* artist, a peer with Thalberg, Liszt and even Chopin. Chopin wrote immortal tone-poems, too good, too true to be largely popular; what Gottschalk gave us we found showy, *ad captandum*, light and dazzling,—music to show off a player, rather than to task both soul and fingers of a fervent interpreter. Our critic seems to grant as much. We looked upon such a concert, therefore, however admirable in the performance, as not greatly tending to the elevation of musical taste; we thought it one of the proofs of "public taste" here, that such virtuoso music could not excite any great *furor*. For the very reason that "much good music has been enjoyed here," did the enjoyers thereof lack appetite for the brilliant pyrotechnics of a solo concert, perfect as that was in its kind. Such is the inevitable effect of musical cultivation. Solo-players, relying on the astonishing of the crowd by individual skill in execution, reap smaller and smaller harvests where such cultivation exists. It

is to orchestral and chamber concerts, to oratorios or operas, that cultivated music-lovers turn with zest and hope of satisfaction. They seek not the pleasure of astonishment, which they had in the infancy of their musical experience, but a deeper kind of pleasure which the deeper kinds of music give. So, we are told, it is in Germany, and more or less all Europe. For several years the Paganini, virtuoso tribe, by dint of dazzling, superficial novelty, were all the rage; but already the fashion thereof passeth away; the great pianist or great violinist, to be heard in Germany, must put good music in his programme. *Good music, not great playing*, is what the real music-lovers ask for. And this is a fact which Gottschalk and his friends should take more into consideration, in estimating the reception that he met in Boston. They should bear in mind that *no* solo concerts can have great success in these days; that the chance for such things has gone by; that we go more and more to concerts to make ourselves familiar with good music, and less and less to gratify our hero-worship in the person of whatever artist. Orchestras (who should not be thankful?) carry the day, and Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Mozart are more to us than those who find their music not difficult or wonderful enough to display *their* executional powers.—We would remind these complainants, too, that Mr. Gottschalk's concerts were quite as fully attended as *any* piano-forte concerts ever were in Boston.

We thank the writer in the *Traveller* for his complimentary allusions to our Journal. But why instead of fastening upon any errors in our estimate of Gottschalk, does he resort to literary criticism of our style, repeating (and with aggravating comment) a phrase of ours not fit, he thinks, "for ears polite." What had that phrase to do with our criticism upon Gottschalk? It was thrown in parenthetically, in passing, to characterize in as few words as possible one of the hack-nied, popular tunes ("Old folks at home"). We wished to say that such tunes, although whistled and sung by everybody, are erroneously supposed to have taken a deep hold of the popular mind; that the charm is only *skin-deep*; that they are hummed and whistled *without musical emotion*, whistled "for lack of thought;" that they persecute and haunt the morbidly sensitive nerves of deeply musical persons, so that they too hum and whistle them involuntarily, hating them even while they hum them; that such melodies become catching, idle habits, and are not popular in the sense of musically inspiring, but that such and such a melody *breaks out* every new and then, like a morbid irritation of the skin. We preferred to say it in one word,—indeed there was not room for more. We might have talked technically and said "cutaneous disease;" but the homely Saxon monosyllable seemed the most expressive and the least bald and prosaic. *De gustibus, &c.*

Some things in our complainant's remarks make us suspect that his admiration for the player must have dazzled his sober musical perceptions. Thus in speaking of the Onslow duet, he ascribes it all to Gottschalk's modest self-renunciation, that the composer has in some places done a very common thing, given the theme or principal melody to the bass, and made the treble "an accompaniment to the bass!"—Again, when he will tell us by what right that "madly rushing war horse" and all that "booming artillery" played such a

part in the finale to *Lucia*, we will swallow our objection to Mr. Gottschalk's making Liszt's fantasia more difficult than Liszt had written it. Really it would seem, (to use the writer's own felicitous remark) as if "quality and quantity were not properly balanced" here!

Finally, we did have patriotism, or pride of country enough to wish to find Gottschalk all—no, not all he had been proclaimed to be—but something far better and higher. Great in his kind he may be; but we were disappointed that the kind should be no greater, seeing that it was the "American King of Music" who had come to honor Boston by erecting here his "throne."

The "HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION" have just received a most valuable addition to their library, in the shape of the first two volumes, (to be continued annually,) of the "Complete Works of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH," now in course of publication by the *Bach-Gesellschaft* ("Bach Society") in Leipzig. It is a donation from our townsman, Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON, and is a work fit to form the corner stone of any musical library.

Bach died on the 28th of July, 1750. Two years ago the hundredth anniversary of that event was celebrated, and it was thought a fit time for the German nation to erect some worthy monument to his memory. A committee of the first professors, artists and amateurs decided that the noblest monument would be a complete critical edition, for the first time, of all his works, in a style at once elegant, substantial and simple; and for this end the Bach Society was organized. Every member, who contributes annually *five thalers*, is entitled to the volume issued for each year. Two volumes of 300 pages each are now published, in the best style of Breitkopf and Härtel. They are the most splendid musical volumes ever published, and contain his Church Cantatas, with full score, prefaced by a fine portrait, fac-similes of his manuscript, a history of the Society, and a list of members or subscribers. This last is headed by a long list of crowned and titled names, and then by amateurs and artists in all the musical cities of Europe. Under the head of United States, there are five names, all from Boston.

Musical Intelligence.

NEW YORK. A newly arrived *pianiste*, Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE, gave her first concert at Niblo's Saloon, on Thursday evening. She is announced as "the only artist who can number among her teachers those distinguished masters, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Prudent and Thalberg." She played a Trio of Mendelssohn and a Trio of Beethoven, with BURKE for violin, and BOUCHER, violoncello; also fantasias of Liszt and Prudent. There was singing by Mlle. EMMA ESMONDE and Sig. QUINTO, with Mr. TIMM for accompanist.

MARETZK's "Masaniello," and ANNA THILLON's "Crown Diamonds," &c., reign alternately at Niblo's.

Paris.

ACADEMIE IMPERIALE DE MUSIQUE.—The first representation of the new opera, in two acts, entitled *le Maître Chanteur*, took place on Monday last. The *libretto* is by M. Henry Trianon, and the music by M. Limnander. The *libretto* is anything but new. It is made up of patches from *la Juive*, *Ernani*, and *Luisa Miller*. M. Limnander is known as the composer of *Les Monténégrins* and *Le Chateau de la Barbe Bleue*, in which he showed himself possessed of some dramatic sentiment and the gift of expressive melody. In the music of *le Maître Chanteur*, these qualifications are found in the same degree as in his former productions, but they have not the advantage of being allied to such good *librettos*. The opera was followed, on Monday, by *La Fille mal Gardée*, in which Mlle. Besson played the principal part; and on Wednesday and Friday, it was repeated, with the new ballet, *Elia et Mgis*.—The rehearsals of *La Nonne Sanglante* commenced on Tuesday. *Le Barbier de Séville* and *Betty* are also in rehearsal, for the *rentrée* of Madame Bosio, as well as the ballet intended for the *début* of Mlle. Rosati.—M. Bonnehée, the young

singer, who gained the first prize at the concours of the Conservatoire, is we understand, engaged at the Académie. *Les Mosquétaires de la Reine* was played on Monday last, for the rentrée of Herman Léon and Mlle. Lemercier. On making his appearance, Herman Léon was greatly applauded. The part of Captain Roland is one in which he excels, and he never performed it with more distinguished success. Mlle. Lemercier, who has just recovered from a serious indisposition, was charming in the part of Mlle. de Simiane; and Mlle. Caroline Duprez was never in better voice, or acted with greater *naïveté* and *esprit*. MM. Mocker and Puget were as usual excellent in their respective parts. *Le Nabab* was played on Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday, with increased success.

By a degree of the 19th inst., M. le Colonel Ragani was nominated director of the Theatre Italien for nine years. The arrangements with the proprietors of the theatre being now terminated, it is certain that the reopening will take place at the epoch originally fixed, viz., the 15th November. The following is a list of the artists engaged by the new director:—Tenors,—MM. Mario, Maccaferri, Perez; Basses,—MM. Tamburini, Rossi, Ferrari, Florenza, Guglielmi; *Soprani*,—Mmes. Frezzolini, Walter, Albini, Cambardi, Grimaldi, Martini; *Contralti*,—Mmes. Albini, De Luigi, Ernesta Grisi. For the opening night, *Cenerentola* has been chosen with Mario, Tamburini, and Albini. M. Ragani intends to produce *Gli Arabi nelle Galle* of Pacini, and *Il Tempelario* by Nicola, during the season.

The Theatre Français has produced a piece in three acts, entitled *Murillo* (originally named *La Corde de Pendu*). It was for this work that Meyerbeer wrote the new *morceau* which Brindeau sings with so much expression. It is a kind of serenade, quite original in idea and form, in which the hand of a great master is recognised. We must also mention the *entr'acte* and melodramatic music composed for the same work by Offenbach.—Mme. Cabal and *Le Bijou Perdu* continue to draw crowds to the Theatre Lyrique.

M. Vincent, *membre de l'Institut* (Académie des inscriptions et belles lettres), lately exhibited an instrument, divided into quarter tones, upon which he produces the "genre harmonique" of the Greeks, which made a great sensation among the audience.—A report has been spread abroad that the director of the Opera will discontinue the *bata musquée*, but there is no foundation for it. On the contrary Musard has already prepared a formidable repertoire, consisting of an immense number of the prettiest and most popular quadrilles and other dance music; the two quadrilles on *le Nabab* and *l'Epreuve Villageoise*, which have obtained so deserved a success, are placed among the first on the list.

Advertisements.

MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References.—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoft, Bernard Roelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12. tf

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK, TEACHER OF MUSIC.

MR. K. may be addressed at his residence, No. 5 Franklin Street, or at the Music Store of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St., Geo. P. Reed, & Co., 17 Tremont Row, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington Street. 3 mos oct 29

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Extract from the Preface:—"Here may be found Gleees, Quartettes, Trios and Songs suited to all occasions. If merry, here are pieces that will add to merriment; if sad, harmonies that will soothe sadness; if longings for home fill the mind, the dear scenes that cluster there are painted in many a song."

The publishers believe that the COLUMBIAN GLEE BOOK will be the most popular of any of the works of Mr. Woodbury, whose celebrity as an author is best attested by the fact that upwards of a quarter of a million of copies of his different books have been sold within a few years.

Nov. 12. 4t

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The Germania Musical Society

WILL GIVE THEIR

Third Grand Subscription Concert,

On Saturday Evening, Nov. 19th,

ASSISTED BY

M^{lle} CAROLINE PINTARD.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Symphony No. 4, in B flat major, op. 60,.....Beethoven.
i. Adagio and Allegro.
ii. Adagio.
iii. Minuetto and Allegro vivace.
iv. Finale, Allegro ma non troppo.
2. Grand Aria from the opera "Robert Devereux,".....Donizetti.
Sung by M^{lle} CAROLINE PINTARD.
3. Andantino, Second Part from the Symphony Cantata, "Song of Praise,".....Mendelssohn.

PART II.

4. Grand Overture to the opera "Rienzi," (Manuscript, first time in America,).....Richard Wagner.
5. Romance from the opera "L'Eclair," for Horn and Flute.....Halévy.
Performed by KUESTENMACHER and ZERRAHN.
6. Scherzo, op. 52,.....Robert Schumann.
7. Drinking Song, from "Lucresia Borgia,".....Donizetti.
Sung by M^{lle} CAROLINE PINTARD.
8. Overture to "Semiramis,".....Rossini.

Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert. Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.

Those Subscribers who have not yet obtained their tickets, will please call at E. H. Wade's Music Store, 187 Washington St.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

Respectfully inform the Musical Public of Boston that their

FIRST CONCERT

Of the Series of Eight, will take place

On Tuesday Evening, Nov. 22nd,

At the MELOAON, Tremont Street,

On which occasion Mr. F. F. MÜLLER will assist.—Mozart's beautiful Piano Trio in E flat, a new Quintette by Veit, Quartette No. 4 in E flat by Mendelssohn, Romanza for Clarinet and Piano by Robert Schumann, and a Violin Solo by August Fries, will be presented, all for the first time.

Tickets for the Series of Eight, Three Dollars. Single tickets 50 cents each. Subscription lists may be found at the Music Stores.

Doors open at 7. Concert to commence at 7½ precisely.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY propose, in their Series of Concerts the coming winter, to give

HANDEL'S GRAND DRAMATIC ORATORIO OF

SAMSON,

And Rossini's MOSES IN EGYPT.

Three Concerts of each Oratorio will be given in the course, commencing (as soon as possible) with "Samson."

The best talent at command has been secured in the SOLO DEPARTMENT; and in the ORCHESTRAL, the whole GERMANIA SOCIETY has been engaged.

Conductor,.....Mr. CARL BERGMANN.

Organist,.....Mr. F. F. MÜLLER.

The Society feels confident that these Oratorios (incurring more than usual labor and expense) will be presented in a more perfect manner than at any of its previous efforts, and in this confidence it trusts that the public will continue to sustain the ONLY MUSICAL ASSOCIATION in the country that annually presents the complete Oratorios of the great Masters.

Tickets for the series of Six Concerts, \$2 each, or single evening tickets, at 50 cents each, may be had at the Music Stores of Messrs. Wade, Ditson, Reed, and Richardson; also at No. 136 Washington street.

Due notice of the first representation will be advertised.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, SECRETARY.

Nov. 19.

ORATORIO.

The Mendelssohn Choral Society,

CARL BERGMANN, Conductor,

WILL PERFORM

"THE MESSIAH,"

On Christmas Evening, Sunday, Dec. 25th,

AT TREMONT TEMPLE,

ASSISTED BY

The Germania Musical Society.

Particulars to be given in future.

Nov. 12.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals. Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents. Oct 29

MUSICAL SOIRÉES.

OTTO DRESEL, encouraged by the reception of his Concerts last winter, proposes soon to commence a SECOND ANNUAL SERIES OF

FOUR SOIRÉES,

at a time and place to be hereafter specified. The programmes will be made up with the same care and selectness as the former series, and in the rendering of Duos, Trios, Quartets, etc., etc., he will be assisted by members of the GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. Subscription for the Series, \$3.00. Oct 29

CLASSICAL MATINÉES.

THE undersigned, resident artists of Boston, intend to give a Series of Classical Concerts during next winter, in which the best works of the great composers will be performed; such as Quartets, Quintets, Septets, Trios, Duos and Solos, by Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Hummel, Weber, Cherubini, etc. The programme will be made more attractive by Vocal performances between the different pieces, as also Solos for Horn, Violoncello, Piano, Violin, etc., occasionally. Many greater compositions, as, Quartets, Quintets, and Septets for Piano with String and Wind instruments, will be produced, which have never been publicly performed in Boston. To accommodate Ladies and others out of town, we propose to give our Concerts in the afternoon. The time and place will be announced hereafter. The subscription is \$3 for the Series of Eight Concerts. Single tickets 50 cents each.

Subscription lists will be found at the different Music Stores.

H. ECKHARDT, } VIOLINS. CH. EICHLER, ALTO.
WM. KEYZER, } Sept. 3. TH. MAASS, VIOLONCELLO.
H. PERABEAU, PIANIST.

HEWES' PATENT

AMERICAN ACTION PIANO FORTE.

THE MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.

GEO. HEWES, 365 Washington St., Boston.

Apr. 10. tf

THEODORE T. BARKER,

MUSIC STORE,

No. 381 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Chickering's Pianos to let.

All Foreign and American Musical Publications received as soon as published. 1123 tf

N. D. COTTON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

English, French, and American Stationery, DRAWING & PAINTING MATERIALS,

No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

Wedding and Visiting Cards Engraved and Printed. 16 tf

CHURCH ORGANS.

STEVENS, DAVIES & JEWETT,

(Formerly Stevens & Co.)

Corner of Otis & Fifth Sts. East Cambridge, Ms.

CONTINUE to manufacture ORGANS of all sizes and prices at the shortest notice, built of the best materials, and warranted in every respect. Societies about contracting for Organs will do well to call and examine one at our Factory, now on exhibition for a short time. References can be had of the best organists in Boston, Charlestown or Cambridge, if required.

N. B.—As it is understood by some that this and the manufacture of George Stevens are one and the same, we wish to state distinctly that it is not connected in any way whatever.

Wm. Stevens, Horatio Davies, Jas. Jewett. Nov. 12, 6t.

John Bunyan Still Lives!

THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ALLEGORY OF

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

In one Picture, 24 by 39 inches, most elegantly engraved on STEEL, by Andrews, containing 250 human figures, besides all the scenes through which Christian passed, on his journey from the city of Destruction, to the Celestial City, so admirably portrayed by Bunyan. Every Christian family should have this splendid production of human genius.

TESTIMONIALS of the strongest nature, too numerous to publish, have been received by the publisher, from the most distinguished men of England and America.

JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher.

GEO. E. SICKELS is THE ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT FOR BOSTON. His rooms are at the Am. S. S. Union, No. 9, Cornhill, where he keeps the Engraving for Sale. Also—Plain and Ornamented Frames, designed expressly for it, at the lowest prices. Nov. 12.

NEW SACRED MUSIC BOOK.

POLYHYMNIA:

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL HYMN TUNES, ANTHEMS,

CHANTS AND SENTENCES,

INCLUDING A CHOICE SELECTION OF

Hymns in different Metres in Three Parts.

CALCULATED FOR

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ALSO, A SKETCH OF

A NEW METHOD IN THE ART OF SINGING,

FOR

ORGANISTS AND SINGING TEACHERS.

COMPOSED BY

CHARLES F. HEUBERER.

Just Published, by

B. B. MUSSEY & CO.,

No. 29 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

Oct. 22, 9t

EUPHONIA,

THE GREAT GLEE BOOK, is now ready. Euphonia, a Collection of Glee and part Songs, selected and composed for the use of Musical Conventions, Teachers, Institutes and Singing Clubs. By Professors Chas. F. Heuberer and H. Perabau. It is literally a book of musical gems, and we believe will be so considered by the musical world.

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., and

B. B. MUSSEY & CO., Boston.

JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON, Cleveland, Ohio.

Nov. 12, 3t

AUGUST FRIES,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

Nov. 5, 8m. 17 FRANKLIN PLACE.

JUST PUBLISHED.

CHORUS PARTS to Mendelssohn's Oratorio of ELIJAH.
CHORUS PARTS to Handel's Oratorio of the MESSIAH.
CLASSICAL CHORUS BOOK, by BAKER & SOUTHARD.
PESTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by GEO. W. PRATT.

George P. Reed & Co., Publishers,

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NOV 5

JONAS CHICKERING,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER,

MASONIC TEMPLE, Tremont Street,

HAVING removed from his former location in Washington Street, and fitted up Warerooms in the above named beautiful building, is now prepared to attend upon such of his friends and the public as may honor him with a call. His time for the past six months having been exclusively devoted to endeavors to render his manufacture more perfect than ever, he is confident of being able to fully satisfy all who are desirous of possessing a good instrument.

Residents in the vicinity and adjacent States will please notice particularly his address, as there is another person in this city bearing his name, and with whom he is frequently confounded.

Mr. C. flatters himself that his experience and reputation of thirty years, must convince all who anticipate purchasing, that this is the best testimonial that he can offer of the excellence of his Pianos, and of the satisfaction which has invariably been manifested with regard to all the qualities which constitute an unexceptionable instrument.

WAREROOMS.

Masonic Temple, Tremont Street,

Oct. 8. 1t BOSTON.

Bertini—Newly Revised.

Important to Dealers, Teachers, and Scholars.

THE Musical Public is respectfully informed that a New Edition of Bertini's celebrated Method of Piano-Forte Instruction is in course of preparation, which will contain the New and Important Revisions of the Author, (not contained in any present American edition,) embracing very important studies, rendering this work the most attractive and thorough to teachers and scholars of any ever published. It will be issued in a style surpassing in beauty, durability and convenience all previous works of the kind.

Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

JUST PUBLISHED,

F. WEILAND'S

Instructions for the Spanish Guitar,

Price \$1 net.

G. ANDRÉ & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

—Edward T. Balch,

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FOREIGN AND AMERICAN MUSIC,

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BUSTS, MEDALLIONS, PORTRAITS, &c.

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MR. RICHARDSON has resided in Europe for the last five years, during which time he availed himself of the instruction of the most distinguished Teachers of Composition and the Piano-Forte, for the purpose of acquiring a thorough practical knowledge of MUSIC. While there, he became personally acquainted with all of the most celebrated publishers, and dealers in Music, and learned their peculiar methods of transacting business, with a view of establishing a Music Store in this city. Profiting by the knowledge acquired by visiting the Music Stores on the continent of Europe, as well as those in England, Mr. RICHARDSON formed a plan, differing from that of every other, and which he flatters himself possesses decided improvements over all.

In fitting up his Store, his object has been to make it an attractive resort for the Ladies, and the musical profession generally, and no expense has been spared towards rendering it every way worthy the patronage of the public,—and he trusts it will be the means of encouraging and improving the taste for Music among all classes.

The stock of Music comprises the most complete collection, of both Foreign and American, ever offered to the public. It was selected by the proprietor himself, and he has endeavored to avoid that which is not of an instructive character,—seeking rather to elevate the taste to the highest standard of Musical excellence. A Catalogue of the Music is being prepared, and will soon be issued.

All publications of this Store will be of a superior order, and got up in fine style. No pieces will be published that are not fully worthy of it,—and no compositions accepted for publication that are not worth paying for.

The above Music Store comprises two departments—American and Foreign. Mr. J. M. FOYE, who has had many years' experience in the business, in this city, will take charge of the American department; and Mons. A. HILL, from the celebrated publishing house of Brandus & Co., of Paris, will have charge of the Foreign department. And the Proprietor trusts, by devoting his whole attention to business, to receive a liberal share of patronage. Being in constant correspondence with many eminent Professors and Publishers of Music abroad, he will at all times be happy to give any information with regard to musical matters that may be in his power.

Foreign and American PIANO-FORTES and ORGANS, from the most celebrated manufacturers, constantly on hand. Also, some of the best specimens of large sized SWISS MUSIC BOXES that have ever been imported, may be seen at the Store.

PIANO-FORTES, of the best German, French, and American manufacture, selected and sent to any part of the United States, at the lowest Cash prices. Mr. R. will WARRANT every instrument he recommends, and will assume the whole responsibility of a safe arrival at the residence of the purchaser.

The largest and richest variety of OPERA GLASSES and FANS, of entirely new styles, ever offered by any other house in the United States, are ready for inspection. Also, French UMBRELLAS and CANES; those in want would do well to examine, before purchasing elsewhere.

LITHOGRAPHS, BUSTS, MEDALLIONS, and PORTRAITS, of the most distinguished Musicians and Composers,—as Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Chopin, Dreysschock, Liszt, &c., always on hand.

Those desiring the services of good Teachers, in any of the different branches of Music, may learn their addresses and terms of Mr. Richardson, who will interest himself in such matters, without any partiality.

Mr. R. is a subscriber for all the Musical Journals published in England, France, Germany, Italy, and America, and they may always be found in the Saloon connected with his Store.

Foreigners will find themselves quite at home in this Store, as French and German, as well as English, will be spoken.

Tickets for the first class concerts may always be found at the Musical Exchange. Also subscriptions taken for the leading Musical papers published in Europe and America.

—IN PRESS:—

The Modern School for the Piano-Forte,

Composed and compiled from the works of the most eminent modern and classical authors and teachers, comprising a complete course of instruction, based upon a new principle.

PROGRESSIVE IN ITS CHARACTER,

With Anatomical Illustrations of the Hands, Thoroughly explained, showing the use of their muscles and tendons in playing the Piano.

BY NATHAN RICHARDSON,

PUPIL OF ALEXANDER DREYSSCHOCK, AND OTHER

DISTINGUISHED EUROPEAN TEACHERS.

Oct. 29

D. B. NEWHALL,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN PIANO FORTES,

No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.

PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.

Apr. 10.

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

Oct. 8. 3m

Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing-Office,

Concert Programmes, Tickets, &c.

PRINTED NEATLY & PROMPTLY AT THIS OFFICE.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany,)

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, No. 7 Haymarket Place.
Mr. S. may be found from 10 to 11 A. M., at the music store of Oliver Ditson.

Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, JONAS CHICKERING, Esq., HALLETT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON.
Oct. 8.

THOMAS RYAN respectfully informs his pupils that he has returned to town for the season, and will resume his instructions in Harmony and Thorough Bass, Piano-Forte, Flute, Clarinet, Violin, etc. Ladies desirous of studying Thorough Bass in small private classes, will please leave communications at his residence, No. 5 Franklin St., or at G. P. Reed & Co.'s music store.
Boston, September 24, 1853.

SIGNOR CORELLI begs leave to announce to his friends and pupils that he has returned to the city, and may be found at his rooms, No. 20 Temple Place, or at the Tremont House.
Sept. 17.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,

365 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,

TEACHER OF THE

PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,

2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Oboe and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c.
Boston, April 23.
3m

L. O. EMERSON,

Teacher of the Piano-Forte and Singing.

APPLY AT HIS RESIDENCE,

No. 12 INDIANA PLACE, BOSTON.

iii 13 3m.

MANUEL FENOLLOSA,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Instruction on the Piano, Violin & Cultivation of the Voice.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner Washington and Summer Streets.

RESIDENCE, at the WINTHROP HOUSE, BOSTON.

References.

J. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Esqs., Boston.

GEORGE PEARBODY, B. H. SIBLEY, Esqs., Salem.

Oct. 1, 8m.

ANDREAS T. THORUP,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE,

No. 84 Pinckney Street.

Lessons given either at Mr. T.'s house, or at the residence of the pupil. Application may be made at the music-stores of Geo. P. Reed & Co. or T. T. Barker.
Sept. 17, 3m.

T. BRICHER,

Organist and Conductor of Music

At the Bowdoin Square Church.

OFFICE UNDER THE CHURCH. . . ENTRANCE ON CHARDON ST.

Jan. 22. 3m.

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; ORGANIST of the Handel and Haydn Society; ORGANIST of the Musical Education Society, &c. &c. &c.
Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.
17 1t

Germania Serenade Band.

THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured by applying to

G. SCHNAPP, Leader,
364 Tremont Street.

ii 14 1t

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice that he is commencing a new term with Scholars on the PIANO-FORTE. Orders may be left at G. P. Reed's or T. H. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,
No. 4 Pine St., Boston.
Oct. 15.

F. SUCK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to

No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

No. 21 School St.

